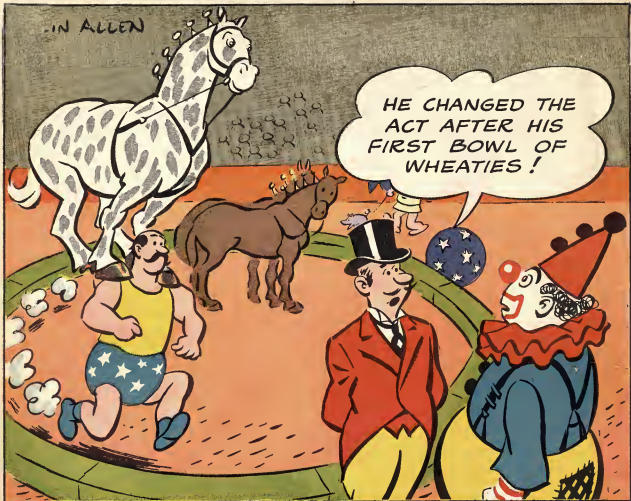


IN ALLEN



THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE AFTER YOUR FIRST BOWL OF WHEATIES. NAMELY, YOU'LL WANT WHEATIES EVERY DAY.

SWELL NOURISHMENT IN THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--ZIPPY, ZESTY FOOD VALUES THAT MAKE WHEATIES A FAVORITE DISH OF SO MANY FAMOUS ATHLETES. DELICIOUS FLAVOR IN WHEATIES--ELEGANT EATING THAT CONVINCES YOUR APPETITE SECOND HELPINGS ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

CHANGE YOUR BREAKFAST FROM JUST PLAIN EATING TO DEEP DOWN ENJOYMENT--WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



HEFTY NOURISHMENT
- IN WHEATIES

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"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

JAN.

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢
NO. 51

CAPTAIN MARVEL

GOES WESTERN!

Read

"CAPTAIN MARVEL AND THE LAST OF THE BATSONS!"





MOTORISTS IN THE CITY ONE FINE DAY ARE STRUCK TO HEAR STRANGE SOUNDS!

OVER BY WAY WITH THAT DANGLED CONTRACTION I GIVE A HAY GONG ROOM!



???

CLOPPETY!
CLOPPETY!
CLOP!



YAT

CLOPP
CLOP! CLOP!

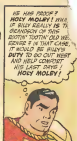
STATION WHERE I TAKE MY TRIP, I RECKON!



CLOPP
CLOP! CLOP!











THE HERD IS FOLLOWING THIS BIG BULL BUFFALO! I'LL THROW HIM AND A STEER!



COME! I--EE--GODS AMONGS!

SMOKEY!
SMOKEY!



WILD BULL WILL BE TRAMPLED AND BOKED TO DEATH! GOT TO HURRY AND...



...THROW THE BULL MYSELF!

UMP!



LEADER OF THE HERD STOPS AND ONCE AGAIN TURNS TAIL!

PRETTY GOOD SON! ALMOST AS GOOD AS I WOULD HAVE DONE IT--EE--IF MY HORN HADN'T HIT A HORNS-MOLE!

BOOM!



BUT WHAT'S BOLD BOON ABOVE?

I THINK BULL WILL ARRIVE ANY MINUTE. OIS--SHAZAM!



BULL, MY GRANDSON! COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU THE RANCH! WOULD THE LAST OF THE ANTELOPE NOW!

WAIT--EE--GRANDFATHER! CAN YOU SHOW ME THE PROOF FIRST, THAT I'M THE RIGHT BOY?



SCORE, SON! COME WITH ME I'LL SHOW YOU TH' OLD 'RAWL'S ALBUM'



HERE'S A PICTURE OF MY GRANDPA AND GRANDDAUGHTER BILLY AND MARY EATSON! THERE 'FAITHFUL' AND 'MOTHER' DAD, JACK 'HONK'!



HOLY MOLEY! THERE WAS A MARY EATSON TOO, JUST LIKE MY SISTER MARY, WHO WAS THE ADVENTURES OF MARY MARVEL! (OF COURSE THERE IS ALMOST DEFINITE PROOF THAT WE ARE THOSE TWO CHILDREN! GOSH!)

Billy Eats



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO US--OR--THE TWO CHILDREN?

THEY WANDERED AWAY FROM THE DANCE ONE DAY, AND WERE LOST IN 'N' WOODS! I NEVER FOUND THEM! I FIGURED THEY WERE SWAMPED UP BY WILD ANIMALS!



BUT YOU MUST HAVE BEEN PICKED UP BY SOMEBODY, AN' BANGED AS AN ORPHAN! 'ERE'S MY LONG-LOST GRANDSON, BILLY!

WUP!



AND SOON...

I HAD THAT BOYS' COUNTRY MADE AN DEAL FOR YOU, BILLY! FROM NOW ON, 'ERE'S YOUR LUCK THE LIFE OF A ROSE FOR DANCE-HALL!

IF YES MY GRAND-FATHER, I CAN'T SAY NO!



WELL, NOT BAD! 'AYES I'M--I'M--GOING TO LIVE THIS LIFE AFTER ALL!

BUT MEANWHILE, NIGHT HAS FALLEN, AND A SLIMING, WRESTLE, HOUND, CREEPS TO THE PUNCH-HOUSE!

OLD WILD BILL IS RICH! I'M GONNA GRAB SOME EARLY DINERO!



YOUNG 'STING, THE BURNIN'!

YES, WILD BILL!



ANY MORE CASH LYING AROUND?

YEH BRINGIN' YOURS COVETIN' I'LL TAKE 'EM IN MY PLACE BUNNY AND...



WELL, I'LL JUST TRIP YOU, YUH OLD BLOWHARD! HA HA!

SHAZAM!



WAD'S YOUR SHIP REED FOMBEAT? CUTTA MY WAY!

SO YOU'RE ONE OF THE ROUGH AND TOUGH GUYBORN OF THE WEST, ENF?



WHAT'S BUSH ABOUT YOU?

OOO!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T TRIP ON HIS ARM! IT'S THE ARM OF THE ANGEL-8-O! WHERE'D YOU SEE IT BEFORE--?







CAPTAIN MARVEL

and the BOY CROOK



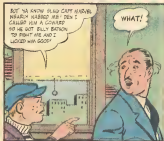
BILL BATHSON WALKING DOWN THE STREET ONE DAY HEARS A GURGLE YELL BEHIND HIM



THE BOY SPLITS APART WITH MAGIC LIGHTNING WHICH BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL ENERGY OF COME!









IF GOMM DOES A GRACE AT SAFE HOUSES, MAY NOW BE THE 'N' YOU WANT! IT TELLS IN YOUR ROW AN ADVANCED & REWARDED \$10,000 TO DON WHIE TODAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE IT IN SOME FINE-GRINDING PROGRAM TOMORROW!



NOW I'VE SHOWED TO HOW TO USE THESE SPECIAL TOOLS, TOMMY! GO AWAY FOR PRACTICE WHILE TOMORROW! DO IT THE CHANCE TO BE A BIG-TIME BARRER, LIKE ME.

ONE THING, CAPTAIN... ONLY HERE I CAN BE A BIG-GUY LIKE YOU!



REARWALL AT 8:00 PM. WE NEED TO BE OVER THE MONEY IN THE SAFE, TO BE LEFT OVERNIGHT!

ONE NIGHT WATCHMAN IN JACK, BILLY AND THAT SAFE HOLD \$10,000! I HOPE IT WON'T POPPED OVER NIGHT!

... MORNING!



THAT REWARD IS A LOT OF BUCK. NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO BURST TOMORROW!

I WON'T MOVE FROM THIS SPOT TILL MORNING!



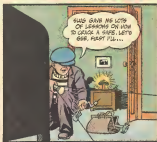
GET AS THE LONG NIGHT DOES WEAR AWAY....

GOT TO KEEP AWAKE--GOT TO---ZZZZZ ZZZZ!



IN THE DEEP OF NIGHT...

DO IT EASY, PICKING THE DOOR'S LOCK, NOW FOR ON SAFE.



THAT GAVE ME LOTS OF LESSONS ON HOW TO CRACK A SAFE. LET'S SEE, FIRST I'LL...







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ONLY A GAME

By CARL C. HODGES

JOHNNY PARK'S brain seethed with flaming anger as he stood out there on the Construction mound. It was the ninth inning and disaster threatened. The Maintenance team scored a last second victory over their rivals, to even up the play off series for the Division of Highways championship. Johnny heard their noisy encouragement to their clean up hitter. "West him out, Shand! He can't take it when the going gets rough!"

Sweat trickled down Johnny's face and he wiped his sweaty palms across the Construction letters on his uniform. His eyes were hot with anger as he watched Shand hammering his bat on the plate. "A fine thing," Johnny thought. "To lead the Engineer's job on District 5, I have to win a silly ball game. Just because the big boss coaches the Construction team."

"Shower's hot," taunted Bob Shand at the plate. "Toss that bean bag you call a fire ball and I'll knock it a mile. I'll show Marmor who to give that Engineer's job to."

Johnny's catcher came up the path. "Settle down, Johnny."

Johnny's face flamed with rage. "You tend to your catching. I'll do the pitching."

The catcher's eyes gleamed. "Okay, sorthead! It's your own funeral."

Bob Shand grinned wickedly. "You stood to pitch to me, Construction?"

Johnny's arms coiled and threw. The umpire held his left hand aloft. Johnny started at him. "That was a perfect pitch!"

The umpire only smiled. Shand laughed exuberantly.

Johnny's fire flowed into his arm and he pitched three more fire balls down the alley. Each pitch flicked the corner of the plate but too low. Bob Shand trotted down to first base and the bags were loaded. The score was tied, last of the ninth, and two out.

Again Johnny pitched. The batter tried to evade the wild toss but he couldn't get his body out of the way. The ball plunked into his ribs. He trotted down to first, and pandemonium broke loose among the Maintenance rooters as the runner on third was forced home with the winning run. Bob Shand booted taunting jibes at Johnny Park as he trudged angrily off the mound.

Johnny listened sullenly to Al Marmor, while the Construction boss talked to him like a Dutch uncle. "You lost control of your pitches,

Johnny. Without any reason."

Johnny flared hotly. "Anybody can lose control."

Marmor frowned, but kept his voice even. "You lost control of your pitches because you lost control of yourself."

"It was only a ball game."

The big boss smiled. "But the qualities of leadership and courage required in baseball are needed in your profession, too. We need a new Construction Engineer for District 5. Some one who knows his business and can handle men. Losing your temper is a habit with you. You can't handle men with temper. Until you learn that lesson you can't qualify for the job."

Johnny's eyes widened. "Give me a chance in the rubber game tomorrow. I want that job."

Marmor shook his head. "I can't risk pitching you again tomorrow."

FOR SEVEN and a half innings of the rubber game Park sat on the bench as his Construction teammates battled the Maintenance since in the game that would bring the championship to one of them.

In the last of the eighth the break came that promised to bring victory to Construction. Spud Hubbel led off with a

CAPTAIN MARVEL

but that ought Maintenance get footed. Pete Hudd rounded to second and advanced Hubbel. McCree Mammed a long triple to center to score Spud and came home on a fly ball. Two runs were in and it looked like the game was won for Johnny's team.

Then disaster struck when the Maintenance Squad came to bat. Houska fumbled an easy roller to give the first Maintenance batter life. The next batter bunted and Engel fumbled the ball. Both men were safe. Nobody out.

Johnny squirmed on the bench and spoke to Marmor. "Let me warm up, coach. Engel's getting shaky."

Marmor shook his head. The next Maintenance batter danced around in the batter's box like a crazy man. Engel blew higher than a kite and walked him on four bad pitches. The bases were loaded. Nobody out.

Marmor called time and turned to Johnny. "Got control today?"

"I can throw a strike across a dime and give three seats change."

"I don't mean control of your pitches. Can you control yourself? Get out there and try."

Johnny faced the first batter. Shand a steaming pitch right down the middle. The batter swung. Topped it and trickled a crazy roller down the third base line. Burkhart was on it like a cat. Started to throw out the runner. Dropped the ball. The run scored. The bases were still loaded.

Maintenance howled derision at Johnny Park, who had tears of rage in his blazing eyes at this new stroke of ill fortune. He strode over to Burkhart, and peered him on the back. "Don't mind that, kid. This time we'll get two."

Burke's eyes thanked him.

Johnny pitched with all the strength in his tense body. The batter cracked the ball solidly. Johnny dove sideways. Trapped the ball. Slammed it home for a fore-runner. Catcher sifed it to first for a double play. Two out. Runners on second and third. One more batter between him and victory.

Then the catcher signalled for an intentional walk to load the bases. Johnny knew it was percentage baseball to provide a force out at any base, so he threw four wide pitches, and the batter went trotting down to first. Bases loaded, and the next man up was the slugger of the Maintenance squad. Bob Shand, his rival for the District 5 job.

Johnny's eyes burned as he glanced at Marmor on the bench. The coach held up his thumb and forefinger to make an O.K. sign. Get this guy!

The weight of anger flowed off him. He pitched. Shand ignored it. Ball one.

Again Johnny delivered. Ball two. Shand grinned evilly.

The catcher signalled. Johnny delivered according to his signal, high and outside. The ball just missed the corner. Ball three! One bad pitch from now on and the game was gone. He had to come in there with three straight strikes to the best hitter on the team.

He glanced at the coach, while his brain rang with the howls of derision that fanned in on him from the Maintenance rooters. Marmor held up one hand, the index finger on the other, to make a 5. If Johnny got Shand out of there, the job of Construction Engineer on District 5 was his.

Shand called at him from the batter's box. "Come on, hothead! You got to pitch to me now. I'll bust up your ball game for you."

Raw, naked drama was there. Johnny coiled and

threw. A blur of white streaked toward the plate. Split the rubber squarely. Strike one.

Shand sneered. "Automatic strike. Give me another and I'll clean the bases!"

Johnny's heart seemed like it was hammering his ribs loose under his shirt. But his brain forced his nerves to utter coldness.

He slammed the next pitch right down the middle with all the speed he could muster. Shand didn't swing. The ball out the plate, belt high. Strike two."

This was to be the money pitch. The pitch that meant the ball game. The pitch that meant the job on District 5. And then Shand hammered his bat on the plate and sneered wickedly at Johnny. "Come on, hothead! Throw it in here. I'll knock it down your throat!"

Johnny saw red. He wanted to take that baseball and fire it with all the venom in his heart at Shand's taunting face. Instead he forced himself to walk off the pitcher's mound. Scraped the dirt around with his fishing spikes. Then he stooped over and tied his shoelaces, that didn't need tying.

Finally, he mounted the rubber. A wide grin was on his face. He gripped the ball tightly, hid it with his glove. His body tensed and coiled, unwound, and came through with a vicious, overhand swing of no buggy-whip arm.

The ball swoosh toward the plate. Shand had his toe held and was all set to murder the ball. He swung from his heels. And went all the way around, futilely, before the slow ball ever reached the plate.

The umpire raised his right hand. Strike three. The batter was out. Victory was won.

Shand threw down his bat with screaming fury. He roared and raved like a crazy man. Johnny came in toward him with a smile on his face. "It's only a game, Shand. You ought to learn how to control yourself. I did."

The End

Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!





WHERE DO THESE LITTLE LOGS GO JACK? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BIG ONES LATER!

Subs for PAUL BUNYAN!

WILLY ARRIVES AT A LUMBERJACK CAMP IN THE NORTH WOODS, FOR A BUSY SEASON.

CITY LIFE THINS THE BLOOD. I NEED A FEW DAYS OF RIGOROUS OUTDOOR LIVING. MR. BUCKING SENT ME HERE, TO HIS FRIEND, A LUMBERJACK.

WELCOME, WILLY! ON JACK BUCKING'S STEERING, WOODS MEN SAID TO YOU COME! WE'RE A ROUGH AND TOUGH bunch OF LUMBERJACKS, BUT WE'LL TRY TO MAKE YOUR VISIT PLEASANT!



WELCOME!

COME ON, BOY! LET'S INTRODUCE THE LAD WITH SOME TALL WOODS STORIES!



YES, RE, PAUL, BUNYAN WAS THE GREATEST OF US LUMBERJACKS! WHY, THERE WAS THE TIME HE HOOKED A TOOTHYACK, SO HE JUST SHOOKED DOWN A PINE TREE, BEHIND THE BEAVER'S DAM— AND THERE WAS HIS BROTHER!



I'LL GET THOSE TALL WOODS STORIES!



FATFULLY A BUNCH OF MAGIC LIGHTNING ANSWERS THE ANGSTIC PRAYERS, AND BURNHAM ON BILLY AND OTHER FORMS OF AGONY CAPT. MARVEL!

BOOM!





WHERE'S PAUL BRYAN?

WHY HE WAS RIGHT HERE! DON'T TELL ME HE LEFT ALREADY?



BUT SURELY...

TAKING A TERRIBLE LUG-JUM! THE FINDER BLOCKED!

HEY! THAT'S BAD!



WE SOMETIMES LOSE A COUPLE OF WOMB LIVES BREAKING UP A LUG-JUM! GOLLY, I WISH PAUL BRYAN HAD COMED TO HELP US!

WHAT'S THIS? LIVES IN DANGER?



WUNDE UP BETTER KEEP WATCH, IN CASE ANY-THING HAPPENS!



GET TO WORK! THIS SNAKE OF LOGS!

JAKE! LOOK OUT! THEY ALL COME LODGE AT ONCE!

THE PERILS OF THE LUMBERLACK AND BERRY, AND JAKE ROCKHARD HIMSELF IS THREATENED!



YOW!

JAKE! HOLD ON!



PAUL BRYAN! GONE, THUNDER! BUT I WUNDE KATCH 'EM COULD FLY BY!



NOW LET ME TROOP UP THAT LUG-JUM!

GO TO IT, PAUL OLD PAUL! IT'N' NOT! MAKE US MAD!



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I order
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 *2+7=12 1+2=3

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The Number-Alphabet

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C=3	S=12
D=4	T=13
E=5	U=14
F=6	V=15
G=7	W=16
H=8	X=17
I=9	Y=18
J=10	Z=19

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